

# Gallipolis Journal.

JAMES HARPER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

"TRUTH AND JUSTICE."

\$1.50, IN ADVANCE.

Volume XXVIII.

GALLIPOLIS, OHIO, APRIL 16, 1863.

Number 21.

## TIBERIUS CAESAR.

Fourteen years before the death of Caesar Augustus, our savior was born in Bethlehem of Judea. Herod, a native of Syria, was at that time the Roman king over that province. He was a man of great abilities, but of execrable character. This was the Herod who ordered the assassination of the babes of Bethlehem. He died a few years after the birth of Christ.

Augustus Caesar married, as a third wife, Livia Drusilla, the wife of an exiled Roman General Tiberius. Livia had a son whom she had named, after his father, Tiberius. Caesar had an only daughter, Julia. By the marriage of the parents these children became, in law, brothers and sisters. They were however subsequently married. Julia became one of the most wicked of women, and conducted so shamefully, that her father Augustus, ordered her to be divorced from her husband and sent her into exile upon a small island on the coast of Campania. Her father was so indignant at her conduct that he refused ever to see her again.

Upon the death of Augustus, Tiberius ascended the throne. He was then fifty-five years of age. He soon entered upon a career of crime and cruelty which has stamped infamy upon his name. Retiring from Rome, he sought a rural retreat in Campania, a part of the present kingdom of Naples, which was then considered the most delightful climate in the world. At a short distance from the shore was the beautiful island of Capreae. Here Tiberius surrounded himself with all the luxury and voluptuousness which imperial wealth could confer. From these halls of sensual indulgence and almost unearthly splendor, he ruled the empire, by means of spies and other agents, with a rod of iron.

There was an army on the Danube, led by a heroic man by the name of Germanicus. He was the idol of his soldiers. They urged him to assume the crown and march to the dethronement of the tyrant. He indignantly refused. But the eye of Tiberius was upon him. He soon perished, probably of poison. His children were thrown into a dungeon and several of them starved to death. One son chanced to escape this doom. The wife of Germanicus was driven into exile. All who were suspected of favoring the revolt fled upon the scaffold, after having first been exposed to the most terrible tortures. When one, to escape this torture, committed suicide, Tiberius expressed deep regret that the victim had thus escaped him.

The monster was terribly punished for his atrocities. Living in constant dread of assassination, he had not a moment of peace night or day. He scarcely dared to eat lest his food should be poisoned. He was in dread of the very guards who stood by his door at night, and his sleep was disturbed by terror and hideous dreams. Whenever he rode out he was in a constant tremor, expecting to see a lurking assassin leap out from every corner. The miseries he inflicted upon others thus rebounded upon himself. It is a curious fact well worthy of note, that this infamous pagan tyrant, in a court surrounded by the most foul and unblushing dissoluteness, should himself have entered a complaint to the Senate, charging the theater with exerting a demoralizing influence upon the community. Speaking of the play actors, he says:

"In many instances they sedulously violate the public peace. Many promote immorality in private families.—The Ocean farce, formerly only the contemptible delight of the vulgar, has risen to such a pitch of depravity, and has exercised such an influence upon society, that it must be checked by authority of the Senate."

The obsequious Senate banished the play actors from Italy, and that they might still more ingratiate themselves with the mercenary tyrant, proposed that a temple should be reared to Tiberius, and that he should be worshipped with divine honors. The answer of Tiberius shows how a man with the heart of a fiend can use the language of an angel:

"For myself," said the wretch, "justice will be rendered to my memory, if I am regarded as worthy of my successors, watchful of your interests, unmoved in perils and fearless of private enemies in defence of the public weal. These are the temples I would raise in your breasts. These are the fairest edifices, and such as will endure."

It was nine years after Tiberius commenced his reign before he retired from his luxurious palaces in Rome to his more voluptuous surroundings on the island of Capreae. Tacitus, speaking of the motives which induced Tiberius to seek this comparative retirement, says:

"He probably wished to indulge his cruel and inhuman disposition with greater effect in the secrecy of a retired situation. Some thought that in his old age he was ashamed of his personal appearance, for he was exceedingly emaciated, lank and stooping; his head bald, his face ulcerous and thickly patched with blisters."

For six years Tiberius remained at Capreae. During this time there were many revolts and conspiracies, which he crushed with a bloody hand. An accident occurred in the village of Fidenas, a few miles from Rome, one of the most appalling recorded in history.

A wealthy Roman, Attilius, as a peccant speculation, reared an immense amphitheater for gladiatorial exhibitions. He built it on a weak foundation, without sufficient braces for an edifice so vast and to contain such multitudes. Crowds of all ages and both sexes flocked from Rome to witness these games. The theater was filled to overflowing, and a countless throng were gathered on the outside, engaged in sundry sports beneath the lofty walls. Suddenly there was an awful crash and the walls fell. Some portions, bulging out, overwhelmed the multitudes swarming around the walls, while other portions tumbled inward. Thousands were instantly killed, while other thousands, crushed and mangled, were buried beneath the ruins. Their cries and groans, for many days and nights, filled the air as they were laboriously dragged out from the mass of timber and stone. According to Tacitus the carnage resulting from this accident was greater than the carnage at Waterloo. Fifty thousand were crushed by this terrible disaster.

There was at this time, at Rome, a very prodigious young man of winning address, by the name of Caligula.—He was the son of that distinguished Roman general Germanicus, of whom we have before spoken as having been put to death by Tiberius. By adulation and sycofancy, he so ingratiated himself in the favor of the tyrant, who had no children, that he adopted him as his son and heir. The young prodigy was an apt pupil of his imperial master in all the vices of the age. Tiberius himself said of him, "he has all the vices of Syria, with none of its virtues." At length the long dreaded hour of death came to Tiberius. To the miserable monarch he came truly in the form of the king of terrors. The king was, at this time, at Misenum, near Naples. As he was reclining upon his couch, while death was rapidly stealing over him, his physician, feeling his pulse, whispered to some one standing by, "His life is ebbing fast; he cannot long continue." The king overheard the remark, and was so frightened that he fell into a fainting fit, which led all to suppose that he was dead.

The courtiers immediately abandoned the remains of the king, and crowding around Caligula, congratulated him upon his succession to the crown. In the midst of their exultation, to the consternation of all it was announced that Tiberius had revived. The wretched old man was utterly helpless. A few of the courtiers entered his chamber, and pressed a pillow upon the face of the struggling monarch, until suffocated, he lay still in death. Thus died the third of the Caesars, in the seventy-eighth year of his age, and the twenty-second of his reign.

## SEVEN UP.

In a pleasant farm house, one wintry eve, after supper and a hard day's work at threshing, Samuel Grey rose from his chair with a sad weary look, and stood before the drawer of an old bureau.

"Samuel, what is thee doing?" asked his mother, following him. "Thee is not going out to-night, when so tired?" "Yes, mother," he replied, taking up, with a sigh, a small calico bag, which seemed well filled.

"Why, that is the mortgage money, Samuel; what does thee want with that? It is not due till next spring."

"I know it mother; but I must have this money this night," he answered in a determined tone. "For what, my son? Thee has always told me everything. We earned the money together."

"I know it, mother. All these years we have toiled to pay off that mortgage left on the farm at my father's death, and now it has all come to nothing. Sit down by your chair, mother, and I will tell you the truth, as I trust I have ever done. I do not fear your blame, as I have always loved your praise. This one egregious error has taught me great lessons already. They say women can bear trouble better than men."

Samuel's mother trembled very much, but she sat quietly down. Her face was pleasant to look at,—healthy and fresh, with a clean Quaker cap crimped about it. She could not believe her son had done anything so very wrong; but all was a mystery.

"Last evening you know how late I staid away, and I presume you thought I was with Ellen at the farm; but I was not; more is the pity. I went on an errand to the tavern to get some oil for our lame horse's leg. The bar-room was a blaze of light, and all the boys there, and I stepped in to warm. There were too finely-dressed gentlemen from Boston sitting around a table, calling for the best of port wine, and treating the company. They called me to join so cordially that I consented, and felt rested with the good fire and exhilarating glass. Soon one of the strangers brought out a pack of cards, and played with Joe Lampton and Jim White. I sat and smoked in the corner, and did not take much notice of the game. They played for cigars and wine, and then for money, and the game was 'Seven Up.' Now, when I was a boy I used to have an excellent run of luck at cards, and beat everybody; and I suppose I was elated with my reputation; for when Joe Lampton said, 'I have won two hundred dollars,'

I was astonished, especially when the strangers paid it over as quick and easy as they would brush off a fly. I thought, if dull Joe has won so quickly such a sum, why may not I, who am so lucky at cards? They urged me to take a hand; and the eight new bills on the 'Merchants' Exchange Bank' so won upon my better understanding, that I drew right up to the table. I thought only of winning; I never thought of losing. We played and won, and played and lost, and lost, and lost. Oh! mother, I lost all this money quick as a flash; and they taunted me that I could not pay; but I must pay it, or have my honor lost before the whole village. I know how wrong it was, but if hard work will make it up to you, you shall never want." Here Sam broke down, and cried like a child.

"Thee is welcome to take the money, Sam," said his mother quietly. "I wish thee would promise never to touch a card again." "Dear mother, I solemnly—'No Sam! no oaths. Remember thee will be tempted this very night to try and win back this very money."

"No, I have seen too many winks pass between those two men. They are gamblers, who have come down to impose upon us 'greenhorns' in the country. When I think how many hard days' work I have performed, and how many chickens and eggs you have raised to sell, all for one good object, and that my cursed folly has ruined all, I am ready to despair."

"I shall not live long to want money, Sam; I only thought of thee and Ellen, who is so soon to become thy wife," Samuel groaned, and left the house with a heavy heart. He knew by the twinkling light across the fields that Ellen sat watching for his visit, but he sped on toward the village, until, stamping the snow from his shoes, he entered once more the tavern. Again, in a private parlor, he found the companions of the previous night. He went firmly up to the table and deposited his money. "I have come," said he in a bold voice, "to pay you what you won from me last night." The man merely waved his hand, on which shone a jewel, toward him, in a negligent manner, and went on with his game. "Oh, a mere trifle," he said, "time enough by and by."

Sam turned toward the fire, with a groan. Evil thoughts took possession of his mind. "Can some men make money thus easily by the toss of a card or the turn of a die? and yet, after all my honest labor, must I be turned from my humble home, and my happy prospects broken up for life by two desperate gamblers?" Fierce passions seemed at war within him, as the sweet visions of former hopes passed away. He did not notice that there were mutterings of wrath at the table, as one after another was felled in his turn. Cries of "unfair," "unfair play," were met by contemptuous sneers from the successful man who pocketed the gains.

Samuel's little roll of bills still lay upon the table, and he could not bear to leave it there. It seemed sacred money. "How little my father thought when he left me the farm, with only this mortgage as an encumbrance, that I should prove so recreant to my solemn engagement to take care of my dear mother." Oh, God forgive me, and spare me, that I may do better in the future. And at that moment a softer emotion sprang up in his heart. He felt a longing for sin of all kinds that he had never felt before, and determined to shun even the smallest deviation from duty, if its retribution was so dreadful. This was a more desirable state of mind, and an humble spirit breathed its blessing over him, as he rose up and buttoned his thin coat over his breast, again to face the cutting wind of the wintry night.

About this time a handsome sleigh had driven up to the door of the tavern. The horses were flecked with foam, and the frost hung about their trappings, showing how swiftly they had traveled. Two strong men had leaped from it, and hastily entered the house. The host came obsequiously to the door. They drew him aside.

"We have tracked two notorious black-legs from Boston here, and thinking they might be making a little mischief here, have come down. Indicate, say, the room where they now are, or we shall arrest you as an accomplice! Quickly!" as the gleam of a revolver shone in the cold moonlight. "In there, in there!" stammered the landlord, trembling with alarm. The detectives came very softly, but not so gently that the gamblers did not listen intently. One said, "Throw the cards in the fire! raise the window! hark!" Just then the door was violently thrown open.

"Ah my hearties, well met! We have had quite a drive for you!" adjusting handcuffs all the time, as though they were used to the business, in spite of the desperate struggles of the two men. "Now, my birds, we will see what you have caged!" said these minions of the law, and forthwith began to pick their pockets, having laid them at length on the floor.

"Counterfeit bills in plenty, some golden eagles, silver! Get pen and paper, landlord, and state the amount." "Now young men," the sheriff said, addressing Samuel Grey and his friends, who stood in silent amazement beholding the scene, "we might consider you under arrest for gambling, but presume

you were just green enough to be entrapped by these Boston youths. Didn't understand the way of our wicked city. However, I will just advise you to beware of bad company, for the future; it does not lead to pleasant results."

"How much have you been robbed of this night?" "There is my money," said Samuel, as each one stated the amount, and pointed to the roll upon the table.

"Well, take it, and go instantly," said the men. Samuel obeyed; and when once more in the silent fields, and within sight of his mother's cottage, he fell on his knees and wept aloud, giving thanks to God, as he had never done before. He was not yet twenty-one; life was before him; hope again dawned; let us trust that the sad lesson was not in vain.

The old mother could not knit the long, blue woolen sock that evening. She paced the low room with prayers and tears. Never in her lonely widowhood had sorrow come so heavily upon her heart; and when Ellen stole gently in to inquire what was the matter, missing her lover, Aunt Rachel threw her arms about her neck, and gave way to grief. So Samuel found them when he returned most unexpectedly, to change their tears to joy.

## JOE GEIGER ON ARMING NEGROES.

Gen. J. H. Geiger, of Columbus, some time since made a speech at Springfield. He always makes 'points.' Here is what he said about arming negroes:

This extraordinary sensitiveness as to the employment of negroes, I, as a loyal man, cannot understand. That it will check the South is evident; they are a shocking people, and raise their hands in horror over our employment of the same means they use. If slaves can be engaged to break down our laws and Constitution, certainly they can be made to maintain them. The traitors use them to raise their produce, build their fortifications, man their cannon, and fight in the field so far as they dare with safety to themselves; our Government is denounced as unchristian in preserving its life by the same instrumentalities. The end sanctifies the means, and I am not particular about the agencies which exterminate traitors who murder our people. Self-preservation demands that the victims of the rebellion be reached and crushed, and if negroes can do it better than white men, or in any way aid in doing it—employ them. We, the South, are to judge of our applicants to punish the guilty. If limbs are to be mangled and lives sacrificed in battle, I am just as willing they should belong to negroes as to loyal whites. I am willing to use a dog to kill a skunk, and I am willing to use a negro to kill a traitor. I have more respect for a negro than a traitor, and in a controversy between them I bid the negro 'God speed!'

I would rather trust a hyal man with a black face than a white man with a black heart. I honor a negro more who strikes for the country's welfare and slays its foe, than the dastard who slaughters our citizens to upturn the Constitution. The one struggles for a country in which he has had but few rights, and the other against a Government which has given and protected him in every thing. In battle, it is perfectly legitimate to use a horse to ride rough-shod over the field, to trample upon the bones, and crush out the hearts and brains of men, or to use iron grape to mow down hostile columns, or rams to sink the vessels of, and drown your enemies; yet you dare not use a negro for the same purpose. A negro is better than a horse, and certainly in creation superior to the metal dug from the earth. Geo. Jackson, used them to kill the British, and he would, if living, instigate them to destroy Jeff. Davis and his minions.—But these rebels of the South, and their allies here, wish to exempt themselves from the rules to which we are subject. By the common law, which is in force in Ohio, if any man resists an officer in the performance of his duty, that officer calls the posse comitatus to his aid. If you or I resist him, he calls upon all around to assist in our arrest; white as well as black must respond, and if a black man refuses to aid him he is punished. The negro dare not refuse or he will be imprisoned, and that negro has the right to use all the force necessary to support the officer, even to the taking of our lives, and if he thus kills us, he is not answerable for it is 'justifiable homicide.' Now, I am not willing to concede that a traitor in South Carolina is any better than a loyal man in Ohio. I can not agree that negroes shall, by our laws, be compelled to capture us, while merely resisting an officer, and not be a proper instrumentality to aid in putting down a rebellion, which strikes at the honor, the laws, the Constitution, and the life of the country. I can not ignore my manhood, by admitting that negroes are fit to force us into obedience, but not suitable to put down traitors; and he who can has a weak head or a rotten heart. The fact is, that the men who are so averse to employing all necessary means to crushing the rebellion, are generally anxious it should succeed. They do not want to see it extinguished under this Administration, but infuriated by party madness, would

rather see the country driven pell-mell to destruction, than saved by the party now in power. The foundation of their opposition to necessary means is not humanity but infidelity, and a raging hatred to every thing outside the false-styled Democratic organization.

## A SERMON ON THE WORD "MALT."

PREACHED BY THE REV. MR. DODD, IN A HOLLOW TREE.

The following was preached more than thirty years ago, and we believe such sentiments should have a resurrection, at least once in thirty years, we now give it publicity again for the benefit of those who cannot be reached by more formal preaching.

The Rev. Mr. Dodd, a very worthy minister, who lived a few miles from Cambridge, had rendered himself obnoxious to many of the cantabs by frequently preaching against drunkenness; several of whom meeting him on a journey, they determined to make him preach in a hollow tree, which was near the roadside. Accordingly, addressing him with great apparent politeness, then asked him if he had not lately preached on the subject of drunkenness. On his replying in the affirmative, they insisted that he should now preach from a text of their own choosing. In vain did he remonstrate on the unreasonableness of expecting him to give them a discourse without study, and in such a place; but they were determined to take no denial and the word "Malt" was given to him by way of text; on which he immediately delivered himself as follows:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man to come at a short warning, to preach a short sermon from a small subject, in an unworthy pulpit, to a slender congregation. Beloved, my text is 'Malt'; I cannot divide it into words, it being but one; nor into syllables, it being but one; I must therefore, of necessity, divide it into letters, which I find to be these four, M-A-L-T. M, my beloved, is moral, A, is allegorical, L, literal, T, theological. The moral is set forth to teach you drunkards good manners; then M, masters, A, all of you, L, listen, T, to my text. The allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another thing is meant. The thing spoken is malt; the thing meant is the juice of malt which you cantabs make, M, your master, A, your apparel, L, your liberty, T, your trust. The literal is, according to the letter M, much, A, ale, L, little, T, trust. The theological is according to the effects that it works; and these I find two kinds; first in this world, secondly, in the world to come. The effects that it works in this world are, in some, M, murder, in others, A, adultery, in all, L, looseness of life, in some T, treason. The effects that it works in the world to come, are M, misery, A, anguish, L, lamentation, and T, torment. And so much for this time, and text. I shall improve this: first by extortion, M, masters, A, all of you, L, leave off, T, tipping; or, secondly, by way of communication, M, masters, A, all of you, L, look for, T, torment; thirdly, by way of caution, take this: a drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the brewer's agent, the ale-house benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbors' scold, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, and a monster of a man."

He concluded in the usual form; and the young men pleased with his ingenuity, not only sincerely thanked him, but absolutely professed more by his short and whimsical sermon, than by any serious discourse they ever heard.

SPARTAN WIFE. Gen. Pimodan, killed at the battle of Castleford, has been honored, with funeral services in all churches in Rome. The Dutches of Fitz James consented to convey to his widow the intelligence of his death. She found her at seven o'clock in the morning writing. "To whom do you write?" asked the Dutches. "To my husband!" said Madam Pimodan. "Alas!" replied the Dutches, "write no more; he is a prisoner." Madam gazed steadfastly at her friend. "You are trying to deceive me," she cried. "My husband is not a prisoner. He is dead. Then she immediately hastened to a church to pray.

A "brilliant" young miss, discoursing on poetry the other day, burst out in the following hifalutin strain: "Poetry, sir, in my opinion, is harmony. It is the voice of the angels, the music of the spheres, the royal harp of love, the parent of purity, the breathes instrument in the passing zephyr, and shines lullabies in the majestic symphonies of Boreas; the seas echo its tones, and the waves, as they roll onward, without cessation, in chromatic scales, express its very soul. Poetry to me is—the—the—the—Jane, my dear, where did you purchase that lot of a hat?"

One dress of the Princess of Wales will cost \$8,000. It is made entirely of the finest lace.

## Army Correspondence.

For the Gallipolis Journal.

CAMP DICK ROBINSON, Ky., March 31st, 1863.

MR. HARPER—Sir: We would ask space in your respectable paper to record the death of Simeon C. Abbott, a member of our company, who died in General Hospital No. 2, Lexington, Ky., on the 25th day of March, 1863. Mr. Abbott was taken to the Hospital on the 20th of March, and was admitted there at the same time with our friend Donalds, of whose death his friends have heard ere this.

His disease was Neuralgia. His lungs had also been affected for about two months, but he seldom murmured. Capt. Campbell and I called to see him on the day before his death, but having received marching orders that night, we were deprived of seeing him again. The deceased was a member of the Free Will Baptist Church, and lived true to his profession we believe, through all the trying circumstances by which a soldier is surrounded—daily discharging his duty to his God and his Country.—"Hence there is laid up for him a treasure," and he is gone to reap his reward where rebellions cease to exist, and the horrors of war have no dread.

Bereaved wife, while you have lost a kind and affectionate husband, we feel to sympathize with you in your sorrow and grief.

No doubt his loss will be deeply felt within the family circle as it is in the field.

Another of Gallia's brave sons have ceased to exist, and no doubt many of us must follow the same pathway as thousands have gone before, ere we accomplish the object for which we left our homes, and our friends, and the comforts of peacefulness. Mothers, daughters, and wives, be of good cheer. Weep not to see your sons, brothers, and husbands bleed and die in this great struggle for liberty, for you and your homes must be protected, and our Union preserved.

A. A. CARR, 1st Lieutenant, Co. M, 7th O. V. Cavalry.

Athens Messenger, please copy.

CAMP GAULEY, Va., March 30, 1863.

MR. HARPER—Sir: I beg leave to say a few words through the columns of your paper in behalf of the Gallia boys. They are all well and doing well, and I am glad to say that most of them are good soldiers. I understand a report is in circulation in Ohio, that the 91st have to live on parched corn. Let me say to the friends of the 91st, it is one of the basest lies that ever came from the lips of a man. We have always had plenty of crackers and coffee and good meat, and I will assure you while we have that we will not starve. I think some of the Butternuts at home are telling such stuff to discourage our friends at home—I can hardly think that a good Union soldier would tell such a lie. There is no danger of our starving while we have Col. John A. Turley with us. I would say to the Copperheads in old Gallia, they had better lay low before they get themselves in trouble. I hope we will not hear any more such lies from old Gallia.

GEORGE D. CURRY, Corporal Co. A, 91st Reg. O. V. I.

AMOS AND THE NAILS.—There was a very bad boy by the name of Amos, who had a very good father. This father was grieved and troubled at the wickedness of his son, and tried in vain to convince him of his sin, and induce him to make efforts to reform. One day the father said to Amos:

"Here is a hammer and a keg of nails. I wish you, every time you do a wrong action, to drive one of those nails into this wall."

Amos said: "Well, father, I will."

Before long, Amos came to his father and said: "The keg is empty. I have used all the nails. Come and see."

The father went to the spot and found the wall black with nails. He said to his son: "Amos, you have committed a wrong action for every one of these nails!"

"Yes, father," said Amos. The father said sorrowfully: "What a bad boy you must be, Amos. Why will you not turn and try to be a good boy?"

Amos remained thoughtful for a few moments, and then said: "Father, I will try; I have been altogether too bad. I will try to be a better boy."

Said the father: "Take the hammer, and for every good act you do, draw out a nail and put it in the keg."

In a few weeks the boy came again to his father and said: "Come, father, and see the nails in the keg again. At every good act I have done, I have pulled out a nail. See, the keg is full again."

"I am glad of it, my son. Amos, the holes are left—the holes are left."

What did he mean, my little reader?

A TRAITOR NOMINATED FOR OFFICE.—The Democracy of Washington township, Montgomery county, have nominated Abner Stevens for the office of City Clerk. A Dayton paper states that this Stevens is the same miscreant who recently tore down and burned the American flag at Centerville. He is a friend of Vallandigham, and hence his nomination to office.

## For the Gallipolis Journal.

How much longer are the Union people of the Kanawha to suffer? Twice has Jenkins with his gang of robbers visited our valley, and each time he has been able to accomplish his purpose, by the murder of our citizens and stealing our horses, &c. Each time his career could have been checked, if the commanders of the Union troops, sent for our protection, had done their duty, but so much of their kindness and attention is given to the traitors with whom they are in daily intercourse, that they cannot attend to any thing else, and still our brave troops with their officers, are willing to do their duty, as is proved by the affair at Hurricane Bridge and the fight at Point Pleasant, wherein with very inferior numbers they were able to drive off the scoundrels who call themselves the Confederates. The Unionists of Kanawha valley have suffered much. They have shown great forbearance, in not destroying the villains who have invited these desperadoes. They feel that they cannot live any longer with the authors of their ruin, and a new era is about to be initiated, which possibly may open the eyes of the Government and its agents. The Unionists feel that they never had any protection from the Government of Wheeling or Washington. They feel that they have done their duty as citizens, in paying the heavy taxes assessed upon them, and in sending their sons to fight the battles of that Union which they hold so dear. They feel moreover that they have been wronged by the army which they have reinforced, while on its way through their territory to the seat of war, in the destruction of their farms, the robbery of their crops, &c., and they now feel that unless the Government does them justice, they must find out the means of protection. Deprived of their cattle and horses, they are unable to cultivate their land, and they foresee starvation before them. While thus suffering, they see their traitorous neighbors fully protected, getting rich by selling their produce to the Government, and if this Government will not protect them and repair their losses by confiscation and imposes on the secessionists, then they are determined to act for themselves, to plunder as they have been plundered, and to defend themselves. The time has come. The army will be on their side, for the army is right. Either the Government must act for the Union, or the Unionists will act for themselves.

## A SUFFERER.

A MATTER-OF-FACT MAN.—Here is a very amusing picture of that species of odd-fish known as a matter-of-fact man!

I am what the old women call "an odd fish." I do nothing under the heavens without a motive—I attempt nothing unless there is a probability of my succeeding. I ask no favors when I think they are not granted; I grant no favors when I think them not deserved; and, finally, I don't wait upon girls when I think my attentions are disagreeable. I am a matter-of-fact man—I am. I do things seriously, I once offered to attend a young lady home—I did it seriously; that is, I meant to wait on her home if she wanted me. She accepted my offer.—I went home with her; and it has ever been an enigma to me whether she wanted me or not. She took my arm, and said not a word. I bade her "good night," and she said not a word. I met her again, and she gave me a two hours' talk. It struck me as curious. She feared I was offended, she said, and could not for the life of her tell why. She begged me to explain, but didn't give the ghost of a chance to do it.—She said I would not be offended; she asked me to call; and it has ever since been a mystery to me whether she wanted me to call or not.

I once saw a lady at her window; I thought I would call. I did. I inquired for the lady, and was told that she was not at home. I expect she was. I went away thinking so. I rather think so still. I met her again. She was offended—said I had "not been neighborly." She reproached me for my negligence, and said she thought I had been unkind. And I have ever since wondered whether she was sorry or not.

A lady once said to me that she "should like to be married if she could get a good, congenial husband, who would make her happy, or at least try." She was difficult to please, she said. I said: "I should like to make you happy." She said: "Umph!" and she looked as if she meant what she said. She said: "For when I asked her if she thought she could be persuaded to marry me, she said she'd rather be excused. I've often wondered why I excused her."

THE POPE DYING.—WHO SHALL BE HIS SUCCESSOR?—An extract from a letter to the London Times, dated Turin, March 18th, says: "I have received from Rome some information which, considering that it comes from the brother of a prelate at that Court, I think may be regarded as reliable." The career of the Pope is fast drawing to a close. The old man is fading day by day. His own phrase is that his works are numbered. He declines most of the remedies which the physicians propose.